Hunting the Spy, page 1633

Modern Life

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THE FUNERAL MARCH OF THE MARIONETTES.

Modern Life

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Owing to the necessity for economising paper we have been reluctantly compelled to reduce the number of our pages this week, but in tendering our apologies to our readers we desire them to note that there is little diminution in the quantity of reading matter, as we have adopted a smaller size of type for the time being, and little space is allotted to advertisements. Several regular columns are temporarily suspended for obvious reasons, these including Finance and Assurance, Stageland, Sport, Racing, and "The Outer Man." These will be resumed when circumstances permit.

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

The Royalties and the War.

Not many people, perhaps, ever heard of the Duc de Vendome before he volunteered for the war the other day, and fewer knew that he has lived down at Wimbledon for years past. Yet so it is. The Orleans family have not been very prominent in recent times—not, in fact, since the Duc's brother, the Duc d'Orleans, made such an ass of himself over the Willette episode. The one really nice member of the exiled French royalties is, of course, their sister, Queen Amelie, who has certainly done her very utmost to erase the memory of her eldest brother's flagrant act of disloyalty to the country which not only provided him with a birthplace, and a pleasant residence as an exiled *de jure* King of the French, but accorded him princely honours on all occasions, and whose immediate ancestor, King Louis Philippe, owed so much to the kindness of Queen Victoria.

* * *

The Survivors of 1870.

Which reminds me that there are only two persons living to-day who were witnesses of all the tragic events which led up to the last great conflict between France and Germany. These are the Empress Eugenie and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. All the other giants have gone—the Emperor Wilhelm I.; the magnificent but unscrupulous Bismarck; the strategist Moltke; the noble Frederick, the second German Emperor; and in England, Queen Victoria, Disraeli, Salisbury, Derby, Gladstone, and the greatest figures of Victorian literature, Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle. Of the German sovereigns who contributed to the Confederation of 1870 not one survives, the last of them being the old Grand Duke of Baden, who died at eighty in 1907.

He was the Prince who, when sounded by Napoleon III. as to which side he intended to take in the Franco-Prussian War, declared to the French representative in Carlsruhe, "I regard Napoleon III., before God and man, as responsible for this frivolous war, and I would rather end my days in want as a humble citizen than dwell by Napoleon's grace at Carlsruhe as a Rheinbund prince!" The irony of the Grand Duke's position was that in the war between Prussia and Austria three years before, Baden had sided with Austria, and had been well punished by Prussia for its pains.

* * *

Prince Henry's Historic Visit to the Tsar.

Simple as they seem, the facts of the present appalling crisis will puzzle the historian of the future. For instance, it has been universally supposed that when Prince Henry of Prussia went to St. Petersburg to meet the Tsar he was the emissary of Germany. I am able to state that this was not so, and that it was from London that Prince Henry went to St. Petersburg, as the emissary of the King of England! This is the truth on the subject, as at that moment England had no quarrel with Germany, and the European war only then threatened to arise if the Tsar intervened on behalf of Servia.

* * *

King George's Only Royal Confidant.

Prince Henry of Prussia has always been King George's greatest Royal friend. No other Royalty in the world enjoys his Majesty's confidence so completely as the brother of the monarch with whom England is now at war. In the early days of their lives, King George and his cousin from Berlin became fast friends at Balmoral, where Queen Victoria also took a great fancy to her second nephew, and equally discovered a variety of objections to his elder brother, the present Kaiser Wilhelm II. The recent visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to London was the tenth visit he has paid to King George in the present reign!

* * * * *

Clearing the Air.

I used to pooh-pooh the notion that a war between Germany and Britain was inevitable. I never could believe that the two great peaceful nations would cross swords. But I was wrong. And the occasion when I first tumbled to my error was memorable. They invited me to a dinner at the Metropole Hotel last March to listen patiently to some after-dinner speeches and to "Hoch der Kaiser!" I did so, the champagne being of the best. But I learnt something that evening which I shall not soon forget. It came from the lips of one of the most distinguished living Englishmen, Sir Francis Lascelles, who had been our man in Berlin for thirteen years, and knew the Kaiser "by heart"! And this is what he said about the inevitableness or otherwise of an Anglo-German conflict:—

* * * * *

Sir Francis Lascelles the Prophet of the War.

"I have never believed in the inevitableness of war between the two countries. It seems to me impossible, *unless the general war should break out, in which the interests of England made it impossible for us to hold aloof!* But even then we should be fighting, not on account of any quarrel between the two countries, but on account of the different engagements into which each had entered with other foreign countries." As England is now at war with Germany or the first time in history, Sir Francis Lascelles must go down to posterity as a seer. What he said in March has come true absolutely to the letter. England is fighting Germany not on account of any quarrel of our own, but solely through the general war already in existence, in which English interests (in Belgium) "make it impossible for us to hold aloof!"

An Ambassador's Audiences in His Pyjamas.

Sir Francis Lascelles, unlike our present ambassador in Berlin, has no German blood in his veins, but he knows everything about Germany worth knowing. When he was in Berlin the Kaiser used to drag him out of bed in his pyjamas, in order to seek his advice on diplomatic matters. So you can readily divine that Sir Francis's forecast was not ill-founded. At any rate, his words taught me that war between the two countries was a much more likely eventuality than I had thought.

* * *

How It's Done.

In accordance with the general desire not to hamper the Government by imparting official secrets, we can say nothing about the contemplated landing of troops on the coast of France. But operations are proceeding swiftly, in spite of the care with which the movements of the troops are veiled. As illustrating the absolute secrecy which is being observed, I may mention a personal experience of last week. I was dining with a military friend when a message came over the 'phone that his squadron started in an hour for the front—wherever that may be! There was a hurried end to our meal, early good-byes, and the next morning at daybreak three squadrons of the Household Cavalry left London and disappeared, without a trace being left behind. Even the wives of the officers do not know where their husbands are.

* * *

The King Consults Earl Roberts.

The calmest people in Britain to-day are King George and Queen Mary, in spite of their having two sons on active service, and being engaged with the war preparations from morn to night. The King is no hermit, notwithstanding his intense anxiety to know all that comes over the tape in his private room at the Palace. His Majesty and the Queen went for a drive in the park on the afternoon of Bank Holiday, and the unusual spectacle was witnessed of the Royal carriage being followed at close range by a crowd of cyclists. One afternoon his Majesty drove round to the Admiralty to inspect the huge war maps there, and on Thursday the event of the day was Lord Kitchener's being sworn in a Member of the Privy Council, when the King had a long chat with the famous Field-Marshal about the coming operations, and himself handed the seals of Secretary of State for War to K. of K.

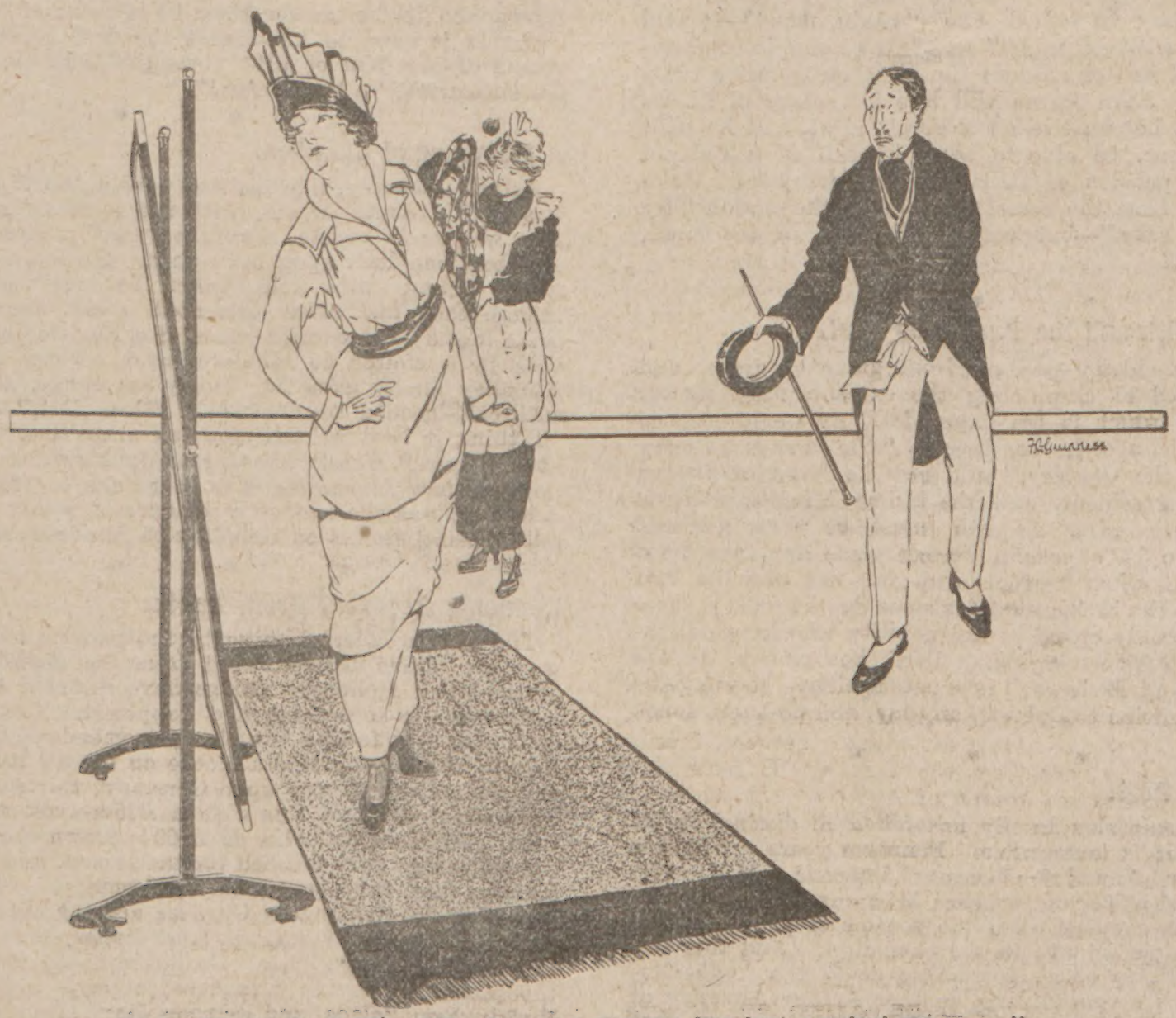
* * *

It may interest those who are old enough to remember the wonderful exploits of Earl Roberts to know that his Majesty has wisely sought the opinions of our greatest soldier in the present crisis, and that there are some at Court who thought that Lord Roberts would be the best man for the headship of the army on the Continent, in spite of his being eighty. Lord Roberts is remarkably fit, and his experience of warfare is to-day unrivalled. Lord Kitchener, however, is nearly twenty years younger than the ex-Commander-in-Chief, and, what is more, he had personal experience in the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, which should count for a lot, as British generals who have participated in a European conflict are rare.

* * *

John Burns's Parting with the King.

I hear that the parting between John Burns and his Majesty was almost pathetic. To none of the Cabinet Ministers is King George so "partial" as to the one-time orator of Trafalgar Square, and John reciprocates with a very sincere admiration for his Majesty. They



He (rushing into room): "My dear, intelligence has just reached me——"
She (interrupting): "Thank goodness!"

Miss Sentiment: "Look Harold! the exquisite tints of nature's smiling moods. Indescribably wonderful, isn't it?"

Harold (whose thoughts centre round more material things): "Um—ye—es! I say—er —I believe we've forgotten the beastly tin-opener."

are what may be called two "plain men"—typical Britishers, without "side" and full of simple common-sense. And in John Burns the King recognises a truly great man. John Burns will lose his salary of £5,000 a year, but he can live on £400 all right, and he will, in due course, be able to avail himself of a Cabinet Minister's pension of £2,000 a year for life. John disappears from the secret councils of the nation "for conscience sake"—but very comfortable in his mind, for all that!

* * *

Mrs. Asquith and the Pampered Earl.

Earl Beauchamp goes on from grace to grace, and we are tired of chronicling the extraordinary shower of honours which is his happy lot. As we prophesied some months ago, he has become "the youngest Garter Knight of the Century," and now he has been turned into Lord President, and the Prime Minister's right-hand man. Mrs. Asquith must be *very* pleased! Destined to be a peeress herself some day, she likes to feel that when her husband goes out of office and retires into the background (as some day he must), there will be a goodly crowd of the nobility who have obligations worth remembering. Lord Beauchamp, as the "Marquess of Malvern," is a potentiality. It would be a pretty addition to Debrett, anyway, and no harm done!

* * *

The Last Post.

To the Annesley family has fallen a distinction as unique as it is honourable. Fourteen years ago it was an Arthur Annesley—Viscount Valentia, M.P.—who was the first officer of Imperial Yeomanry to rush to the relief of his country when the yeomen of England were invited to participate in the campaign. And the first British military officer for whose death the Anglo-German War is accountable is another Arthur Annesley of the same historic stock. Mortified to the core that those in office were either indifferent or supine in face of his appeal to be sent to the front, Captain Annesley determined to die rather than be left out of the firing line. It is good to know that the first commissioned victim of the War of 1914 brought from the Coroner the encomium, "a brave man!"

* * *

A Romance of Skindles.

Arthur Annesley, like his first cousin, Lord Valentia, was also in South Africa, with the Rifle Brigade. So also was their cousin, Captain "Pat" Annesley—who also had bad luck upon his return. He found that his smart young wife had "fallen in love" elsewhere, though they had twice cemented their marriage to make it the more certain—once at a Registry office and once in a church at Kidderminster. When Mrs. Pat Annesley finally gave her hubby his congé, she did it with cold-blooded succinctness. "Dear Pat," she said, "I think it best to tell you at once that I stayed at the Russell Hotel yesterday as Jack's wife. You will now see how impossible it is to return to you. Till." And that was the end of a romance of which they still tell amusing stories at Skindle's at Maidenhead.

* * *

London's Recovery From Panic.

The most wonderful thing in the present crisis is the way the public has recovered from the financial panic of the Bank Holiday. Things have resumed their normal course as if nothing had happened. The theatres, of course, are feeling the slump tremendously. I hear that in the London Opera House on the night following our declaration of war upon Germany, thirteen persons were counted. And this with a £75-a-week trick cycle turn, and Horace Goldin at £200! Down the river, of course, things have finished for the season, and the boat-builders are very savage with Germany. The troops encamped in Kensington Gardens are a great source of attraction to the Town lads and lassies, but things in London by night are Bedlamish! Hundreds of thousands of loyal Britishers nightly defile before Buckingham Palace, and Princess Mary and the Pragger Wagger come in for tremendous ovations whenever they show themselves.

Eric Loder "Keeps His Word!"

Poor Gabrielle Ray has got her "decree," and she and Eric Loder have parted for ever. Not much sympathy is usually felt for the parties in theatrical divorce suits, but the Loder-Ray case had certain aspects of an unusual character. We know the secret facts, so can tell them frankly. Unlike most marriages of its kind, it was the pretty actress and not the Baronet's son who was "in love." Not that Eric Loder was not completely infatuated by his charming spouse *before* the marriage. They were both terribly smitten, in fact.

The union didn't last a year, however, and when Eric finally left his wife it was "for ever." We told Gabrielle Ray that her husband never intended returning to her over a year ago, but she wouldn't believe it, and after she secured her "restitution" order she waited patiently and broken-heartedly for a full year to see if the wandering husband would return, in spite of our definite intimation that he wouldn't. The fact that Eric had left his wife for ever was conveyed in these columns on August 16 of last year. Gabrielle had secured her restitution order in the previous month.

* * *

Where Eric's Intentions are of Keen Interest.

This is what I said: "I learn that there is no probability of Mr. Eric Loder ever returning to Miss Gabrielle Ray. The marriage was one of love without sympathy. A sudden mad infatuation, maintained at a degree of theatrical tension which soon resulted in marriage, was found to be no bond at all when the jars of married life had to be surmounted. Eric Loder, being 'in love,' boldly faced social ostracism, and the intense annoyance of his family, only to repent before he had been married a month."

Under the order Eric Loder had fourteen days in which to return to his wife, and though she waited a whole year he never returned. They often met, however. They were even at picture balls together. But not as in the days of yore. Eric Loder remains one of the stage-door nuts, however. At the Adelphi his "intentions" are a subject of peculiar interest, now that he is free once more.

* * *

"Lucky Loder's" Hard Luck!

Moreover, Eric Loder has just been relieved of the "advice" of the most powerful of his relations. Poor Major Loder ("Lucky Loder," they called him at Newmarket) had no sympathy with his nephew. Women never had the Major "by the neck." Eustace Loder was at one time in the 12th Lancers, but having done fifteen years without having seen a gun fired in anger or getting a single day on foreign service, he chucked the Army in disgust, and gave himself over to the Turf, with the wonderful luck which all the world knows. It was Major Eustace Loder who may be said to have sealed the Entente Cordiale.

* * *

An Historic "Double."

That was in 1906, when the French President, Fallières, grasped his hand, and congratulated him upon winning the Grand Prix with the same horse (Spearmint) which had won the Derby but a few weeks before —the first horse to do this "double" for thirty-four years! Poor Eustace Loder often referred with some bitterness to his hard luck in never getting an opportunity of useful service during his fifteen years in the Army, and it is surely the keenest of ironies that had he lived another month that opportunity would have been his with his Imperial Yeomanry corps against the forces of the Deutschland!

Heroes of the War: The man who called for a large lager.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

NOT ABOUT THE WAR.

This is one of those leaders that are not leaders, reader. It is, as a matter of fact, a little sketch suggested by the notion that as every paper in England is writing itself black in the face about the war, it is time that one journalist, at any rate, wrote something that is *not* about the war. So here is a little peaceful sketch from life, reminiscent of the days when your humble servant stepped out on to the high road to stage greatness, but happened to take the wrong turning leading to stage littleness.—

"Of course you'll have to play small parts and make yourself useful," said the famous actor-manager when I met him by appointment at Blackmore's.

"I'll do anything, Mr. Macreadyford," I replied, "so long as I get a trip to America."

And so it was settled. It came as a bit of a shock when I found that we were going to rehearse for six weeks without salary, and in an insignificant hall, before sailing for an American town. As it was one of the swagger theatrical companies of the day, the least I expected was a real live London theatre, where one could declaim to empty stalls with an imaginary crowd hanging on one's words. It is comparatively easy in such circumstances (that is, until the stage-manager begins on you) to imagine yourself an Irving and a Wyndham rolled into one. But an apology for a theatre, with not even a platform, let alone a stage—well, you don't feel as if you were a real actor at all—it was like rotten amateur theatricals over again. Everybody uncomfortable, the leading lady in one corner, the leading man in another, the heavy man scowling over his glasses at the irritable little ingenue, the juvenile strutting about like a matinee-girl's pet! A prominent London company, in fact, not overburdened with modesty, staring at one as one tried to do one's little best, as who should say: "How dare these 'Varsity men come into our company instead of going through the mill in the provinces as we had to do!" Well—it made you feel like trying to do things in a room full of relations. And when the great actress looked at one with a withering look and remarked, *sotto voce*, to her next-door neighbour, "He's got a swelled head," it was most uncomfortable, to say the least of it. It was, of course, only the great lady's way of commenting on the massiveness of one's skull, which perhaps was a little Gladstonian in everything except quality, but somehow it jarred on an Irving in embryo preparing to start to America. One didn't expect great actresses, somehow, to try to be funny at the expense of a walking gentleman. One didn't expect many things one got, however, both then and afterwards. One knew that ordinary actors and actresses were human beings, but somehow one expected geniuses to be different. It sounds very stupid now—but there it was.

We were all very glad when we heard that we were not to travel on the same boat as the great actress and the actor-manager. It was a nice little rest for us, after having it dinned into our ears for weeks that we were the worst company Mr. Macreadyford ever had. Yet, human nature being human nature, it did me a power of good to know that I was not the only individual in the company who spoke his lines "not a bit like it, my boy, not a bit like it." I was much relieved when I heard Mr. Montmorency Mugwump, who was on the thirty-pound-a-week mark, and had been described by the London Press as "one of the most promising actors of the day," told that "he was supposed, in the part, to be speaking the English language, whatever he might do elsewhere." I was delighted beyond measure when the juvenile lead, whom the "Daily Howler" had described as "the handsomest juvenile in London, and bound to go far," was politely informed by our kind-hearted but candid actor-manager that "he was, in the part, an Oxford man, and not a draper's son strutting about Bond street." And (to my shame, I confess it) my gallantry was not equal to the task of slaying the great actor-manager when he was good enough to inform the best actress in the company (as a lucid, helpful criticism, I suppose) that she "knew as much about playing a love-scene as a bear." But Miss Leonora Lallarookh didn't cry. She had been on the stage fifteen years. I had only been on ten minutes.

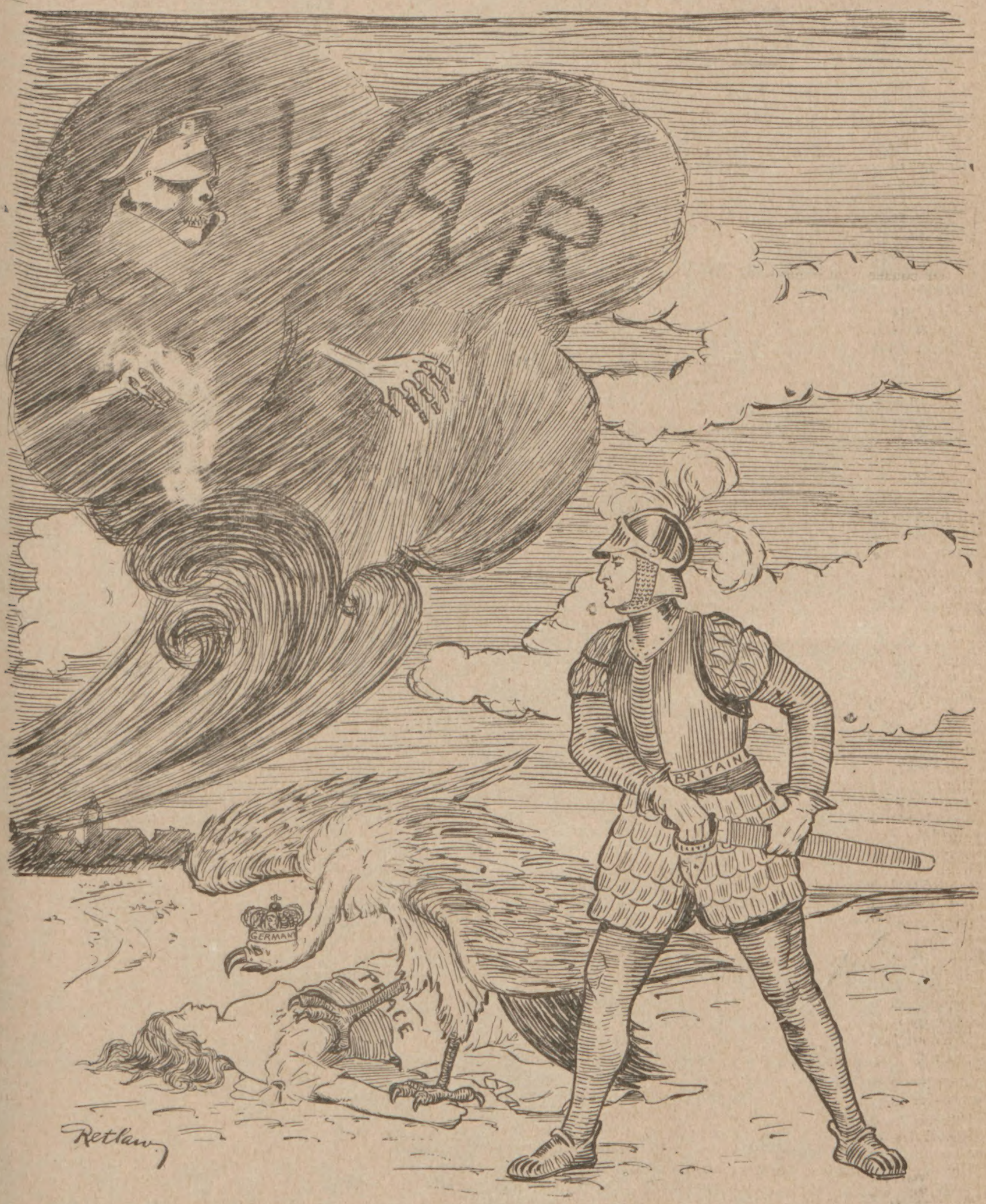
But we had, away from the two great ones, a ripping time on the voyage to New York. We were, to the passengers, "the members of the Macreadyford Company," and the Macreadyford Company was not a thing to be despised in the London of those days. And so when, on the boat, we had, so to speak, the stage to ourselves (which we certainly never had afterwards), our principal members did not fail to take advantage of it. They rapidly became the most prominent people on board. For six days on the Atlantic it didn't matter a straw to us that Mr. Macreadyford didn't appear to think much of us at rehearsal (although we observed that he thought we were all geniuses when he was being interviewed by the "Daily Howler"). Mr. Montmorency Mugwump gave them "Eugene Aram" at the big charity concert till the timbers of the ship fairly shook with tragedy. The principal comedian told them "How Bill Adams won the Battle of Waterloo." It was the thousand-and-oneth time they had heard it, but they roared gallantly, for the principal comedian was Mr. Septimus Peagreen, one of the most melancholy-funny men in town, who had recently startled the planet by giving a lecture at a Y.M.C.A. on "The Altruism of the Stage." Even Miss Leonora Lallarookh got up from her sick-bunk and, with a complexion that required no make-up for the part, recited the woes of Ophelia to an audience that cheered with delirious delight, all of which was not a little strange. It seemed almost as if the rule of the stage was—the more the actor-manager groans at you, the more the public like you, which thought cheered me up, somehow. Could it be that Mr. Macreadyford and the great actress were a little jealous of the cleverest members of the company? Tut, tut! What was I thinking of!

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Hard Luck of Lord Queensberry's Brothers.

A day or two after the papers had given lengthy reports of the law suit following Lord Queensberry's escapade in the Benfleet Hotel, to my complete astonishment I ran up against his Lordship's long-lost younger brother in London. Lord Sholto Douglas is now forgotten in this country, but his position is one of the most pathetic I have ever known. It is impossible not to feel genuinely sorry for him. As the youngest of the sons of the late Marquess of Queensberry he has suffered all his life from the way in which his elder brother, the present Marquess, messed up the family affairs whilst Lord Sholto was at school. When the late Lord Queensberry died, his eldest son, who had been placed in the Navy in the hope of his taking to a respectable life, had already anticipated things to the tune of over a hundred thousand pounds in the way of post-obit bonds! Needless to say things didn't look particularly cheerful for Lord Alfred and Lord Sholto by the time their father died in 1900.

Lord Sholto eventually went off to a little grey home in the West, after a variety of heart-rending experiences in New York, including his unlucky marriage to Loretto Mooney, and eventually his Lordship turned up on the shores of Lake Sebage, Portland, Maine, where he was known as "Plain Mr Douglas." Then he went to British Columbia, where he became the victim of a scoundrel, who persisted in entering Lord Sholto's homestead without in invitation. Lord Sholto warned the intruder off several times, and at last he told the fellow that the next time he intruded would be the last! Lord Sholto carried out his threat, and put a bullet through the blackguard the very next time he crossed the Englishman's threshhold. And the judges decided that Lord Sholto merely defended his own castle, and quite right, too! But, if possible, Lord Sholto is more to be pitied in London than in British Columbia, for he tells me that his greatest sorrow is that wherever he goes now he is mistaken for his brother, Lord Alfred. And that, you will freely admit, is no joke!



Thou careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honour,
And God guard the Right!

ROBERT BRIDGES,
Poet Laureate, in *The Times*.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Germany is noted for its exports of ultimatums.

* * *

The Kaiser's idea of the European Concert: All German Band.

* * *

Canada's offer of 1,000,000 quarters of flour comes at an opportune time. We shall knead it.

* * *

The Greenwich Magistrate: "To break windows is effeminate." Still it is a panes-taking task.

* * *

"Our Marie" Lloyd has bought a new motor-landau-lette. She still preserves her saucy carriage.

* * *

A school of language for taxi-drivers has been opened. We thought they knew all there is to know in the matter of language.

* * *

Pockets for women are coming into fashion again. Husbands are devoutly hoping they will leave theirs alone after this.

* * *

The oil firms who in spite of the war have not increased the price of petrol, have given evidence of a remarkably fine spirit.

* * *

German residents in England are forbidden to store petrol, and even the Kaiser's high spirits are said to be rapidly evaporating.

* * *

A placard on the District Railway is headed: "Underground. Belle Steamers." Only during the war, we presume.

* * *

Engineering is the latest profession for women. This should prove an opening for the flappers who spend their time turning the heads of nuts.

* * *

"The Monument," says a lecturer, "is an ugly, ridiculous thing." But whilst on the subject of London's public memorials, why single out the Monument?

* * *

Under the heading of "War Telegrams," the *Daily News* tells of Harry Lauder's fine reception in Australia. Even the stars in their courses are fighting for us.

* * *

In Germany, the circulation of false rumours is to be punishable with imprisonment. Journalists are said to be indignant at this attack on their means of livelihood.

* * *

"The 'bus and cab horse has himself been absorbed into other spheres of usefulness" (*Daily Telegraph*). But when did they start making sausages in spherical form?

* * *

An American visitor says he was struck by the speed of London's horse traffic. He must be the individual who attempted to control the traffic in the Strand recently.

* * *

The thing in motors now is the "Invisible" type. Some of the gentlemen one is in the habit of seeing on Brighton Parade in resplendent peaked caps and shining leather putties seem to have used this type for some time.

* * *

Mr. Justice Coleridge: "The House of Commons can do practically everything, except turn a man into a woman." But many a man turns into an old woman, once he has entered the House.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

On an evening in August, in the year of our Lord, 1914, two young men sat at a table in a crowded city coffee-room. One plainly was a Britisher; the other's nationality was proclaimed by his careful halting English, occasionally broken with a sudden guttural German phrase.

"So you've got to go, Fritz?"

"To-night; ten forty-five. I've got my papers."

"How do you feel, old man? Mopy, eh?"

The other smiled. "If I don't go back," he said, "I'll get shot when I do. It might as well be next month as next year."

"I suppose so. And your crowd's at the frontier! It's rotten. When I think—oh, well. No dances together this year, old man, no nights out. No more yarning when the fire's low in the grate and the light switched off. No more cigarettes in bed o' nights, and sleepy voices telling each other our silly little thoughts . . . . Let me light one more for you, Fritz—the last."

They smoked silently for a space; then the German spoke.

"And you? When do you go?"

"I leave to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Should we see each other again, fire on sight! . . . It would be funny if it weren't so damnably pathetic."

The other took something from his pocket. "A little memory I'm taking from England," he said. It was a curl of hair, a scrap of silken ribbon tied round it.

"Who's that from?" asked the Britisher, smiling.

"From a little English lassie, who . . . forgave me for being a German. So!"

"And lying stricken on the battlefield, Fritz, that ribbon will be found clasped in your hand, pressed closely against your lips."

When a man's heart is fullest he jests uglily. The German did not speak.

From outside suddenly came the patter and scuffle of a myriad feet. "Speshul! Speshul! German defeat! Defeat of the Germans! Speshul!"

As suddenly, the orchestra broke into a selection of patriotic airs, and the customers of the coffee-room went mad. They sang, howled, and cheered, ringing bells, rattling tea-cups, stamping floors; and only when voices and energy were both at last exhausted did the pandemonium cease.

As the strains of "Rule, Britannia," came down to them, the Britisher looked at the German.

"I—rather—like that piece," said the latter, as plucky as they make 'em.

"Good old Fritz!"

I heard them say good-bye. That, I think, is the saddest word in all the world.

"Leave me here," said Fritz. "I'd rather." He held out his hand.

"*Auf wiedersehen*!" said the Britisher.

"Good-bye."

"And if that damned Kaiser——"

"Ah, no!" said Fritz.

"I beg your pardon. But you'll come back, old man?"

"Why, if you—my friends!—do not shoot me in the meanwhile, I shall come back."

But I do not think he will.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

E.S. in the *Star* "Housewives in Parliament": "What nuts should be taken by a sufferer from rheumatism?" Any; and if he kicks them hard and often he will find his complaint considerably relieved.

* * *

A tourist agency advertises:

"Scotland for Ever."

"A Week for 3gs. Including Return Ticket."

Second thoughts are proverbially best.

* * *

The street hawkers' cry of "Wear your colours" reminds us of the football season, and, at the present rate of declarations of war between the nations, it looks as though there will soon be eleven a-side.

SPYNO-CEREBRITIS.

Having been deeply impressed by the terrorist articles in the "Daily Sketch" and other bilious-toned newspapers concerning the presence of German spies in London, we despatched our special war-like artist in quest of these snakes in the grass, with the object of being able to put our readers on their guard. He got no further than Olympia, where he succeeded in obtaining the above portraits of Germans who have been arrested for disguising themselves as Englishmen.

The real wit has little to say, but makes that little tell.

* * *

It is a good plan never to run yourself down. Others will do it for you.

A little Englander is a man whose intellect is wholly surrounded by water.

* * *

A man who goes out half-way to meet trouble will have a short walk.

BY THE WAY.

The war has already brought a crop of decidedly strange alliances, leaving aside the nations fighting side by side, the merging of Government and Opposition into one harmonious whole, and the fraternising of the rival Nationalist and Ulster "armies." Thus we have the leading Conservative newspaper (the *Daily Telegraph*) and the leading Liberal newspaper (the *Manchester Guardian*) co-operating in the provision of war correspondence, and—even more strange—the *Times* selling the sole American rights (outside Chicago) in its war news to the New York *American*. That is perhaps not so apparently peculiar to the man in the street, but if he remembers the former status of the *Times* as the mouthpiece of the nation and national opinion he will regard it as exceedingly strange that even the penny *Times* should be associated with that particular Hearst "rag" which has for years been most active, most venomous, and most scurrilous in its anti-British propaganda. Mr. Hearst, it will be remembered, both in the *American* and other of his journals was seven years ago exceedingly busy trying to bring about a German-American *entente* with the object of injuring this country.

* * *

A rather amusing trick was played by his colleagues some time ago upon Mr. Thomas Adam Mead ("Tam"), the well-known football writer of the *Daily News* and *Star*, who died last week. Returning home from town by the last train from Liverpool Street to Forest Gate one evening—or rather, morning—he discovered he had only half-a-crown in his pocket when he wished to buy a last edition *Star* from a news lad at the entrance. The boy had no change, so the confiding Tam handed over the half-dollar and trustfully waited until the last possible moment. Then he approached a policeman and related his sad plight, ending with a request for a small loan to pay his train fare. The policeman, however, was not equally trustful, but informed Tam that he had heard tales like that before and wasn't "having any." Consequently Tam missed the train and had to seek the aid of a neighbouring publican who knew him well and lent him money to pay for a taxi home. In the following Saturday's Football *Star* the very first words read: "Tam says the Football *Star* is worth half-a-crown a copy," but even to the day of his death Tam could not discover how the news of his little misadventure had leaked out.

* * *

"That we should be able to say to all the world, 'Come if you dare!' " was how the Duke of Cambridge, in 1860, described the main reason for the volunteer movement. Times have changed since, in 1804, nearly 400,000 men volunteered for home defence on the threat of an invasion by Bonaparte; but the spirit of patriotism has evidently not changed. A writer of the Georgean epoch quaintly says of the war-spirit that "when I asked what I could have for dinner, a drill-waiter, after reviewing the bill of fare with the air of a field-marshal, proposed an advance party of soup and bouillé, to be followed by the main body of ham and chickens, flanked by a fricassée, and with a corps-de-reserve of sweetmeats."

* * *

Bona, the Algerian seaport that has been so often mentioned in the war despatches, was the scene of an "incident" that directly led to the destruction of the Turko-Egyptian fleet by a British-Franco-Russian squadron off Navarino in 1827. It was on receipt of news of a Turkish massacre of Christians at Bona that our Admiral, Sir E. Codrington, determined to act. His difficulties were enhanced by a fear lest his French and Russian allies, who hadn't forgotten "Moscow 1812," should turn their guns on one another, and to prevent such a calamity he actually anchored the British ships between theirs! But "nous avons changé tout cela."

* * *

While the Germans were "going through" the French in battle after the battle of 1870, it was the daily practice of the present Kaiser's grandfather to send a piously-worded despatch to the Empress Augusta. Thus, after speaking of the many thousands of French killed, wounded, and missing, he would add, à la Oliver Cromwell, that "all the glory is due to God." At last "Punch" could stand it no longer, and, in a memorable parody that was quoted all over the world, it wound up with: "Ten thousand Frenchmen gone below—Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!"

* * *

We hope readers will not be annoyed if at an early date we begin to print MODERN LIFE on gold-leaf instead of paper. Judging by the present state of the paper market it will be cheaper.

* * *

Cassell's Journal announces a "Special War Number" containing "Thrilling War Fiction by Distinguished Writers." But who would wait for *Cassell's* when they can buy the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* anywhere? Unless I am much mistaken, it will take Mr. F. E. Smith all his time to ensure that thousands of columns of war matter still to be published will be devoid of fiction! At the moment the news-boys are shouting: "Forty-five thousand Germans killed in Alsace!" What next?

* * *

However wearing it may be to the nerves of others, the delay in making a real start in hostilities between the main rival armies has given the arm-chair military experts and prophets of the

He: "You told me you were going to be true to me, and I saw you last night with Corporal Blake."

She: "Well, you needn't get ratty; you're my regular right enough. He's only on the reserve."

daily press a great opportunity. They have had time to prognosticate so many different things that whatever happens they will be able to say, "I told you so!"

* * *

Modern Life has more than once pointed out that, favourite as Mr. John Burns always was with the late Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman (who first gave him office), he has never been *persona grata* with the Asquiths, Churchills, and Greys of his party. In some sense they looked upon him as an "incorrigible interlolliper," and John's colossal egotism was more than once deeply touched. His perfectly honest resignation has transformed his erstwhile inveterate foes—Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald, etc.—into friends and admirers. As all who know him know, Mr. Burns loves quoting Dickens, so perhaps he won't mind our saying that, to his credit, he has *not* emulated the butler's boy in "Oliver Twist," who, you may remember, always said, "the same as Mr Giles," for fear of getting a clout on the head.

* * *

Overheard at the Oval during Surrey v. Notts.—C.E. Kirk, *loq* : "I wish to heaven I'd got the bally old Kaiser on a sticky wicket!"

* * *

Major Philip Trevor, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is one of the many journalists called to active service. He served with some distinction in the Boer War, and, as a colleague of the Press phrases it, "As Trevor was a captain before the South African War, and came back a major, he'll probably come back a General from this war!" The Major's work as cricket critic of the *D.T.* has been very good indeed, and as its "special" he accompanied Warner's team to Australia. If he has one failing, it lies in his inability to reckon crowds, and it is a usual thing for him to speak of a "crowd of 20,000" when the actual attendance is about 13,000.

* * *

You may be sure that the magnificent manner in which Australia is responding to Britain's call in her hour of need is largely due to the presence here of Sir ever looks belied anyone they belie him. The only other George Reid, her High Commissioner. Sir George is very stout and looks as if he were very prosy, but if really brilliant person who is built on such portly lines is Sir A. Conan Doyle, who has a stomach like a chêf and a brain like a searchlight. No one who saw him would believe that he could have created Sherlock Holmes—until he began to talk to him.

* * *

Sir George Reid, in his younger days, was as strenuous at electioneering as Sir William Bull—who once had a boxing match with an interrupter at a meeting. The High Commissioner has a ready wit and is the most amusing after-dinner speaker that I ever met. The heckler, so often a *bête noir* to would-be M.P.s, as Sir George's best friend, and the more he is contradicted the better he likes it. Once his speech very much annoyed a fat old woman who sat in one of the front rows at a meeting he was addressing in Australia. She was very, very short of breath, but whenever she could conveniently manage it she ejaculated some exceedingly rude and personal remark. She did this three or four times without upsetting the flow of oratory. Just as Sir George was beginning his peroration she stood up in her chair and shrieked at the top of her voice, "If you were my husband I would poison yer." The speaker turned slowly round and faced her. Adjusting his pince-nez he leisurely surveyed the panting female. "Yes, Mam," he said gravely, "and if I were your husband I would take the poison!"

* *

We civilians are certainly in for some bad times while the war is going on. Unemployment will be rife this winter, and I advise everybody in a subordinate position to join the Territorials or the regular Army, which will at least prevent him from being without a job while hostilities are in progress. It's really wonderful how everyone has rallied to the colours. The Prince of Wales is having the time of his life in the Grenadiers. Like many thin people he is very wiry and can stand a long march as well as anyone in his regiment. Prince Albert is enjoying what he describes as a "ripping time" aboard the Collingwood. With the decks cleared for action his position is by no means a sinecure, and there are many important duties for our sailor prince to perform. He spends much of his time in the wireless room, and he also supervises the loading of ammunition. Food is good and plentiful, and it is served to the middies in the gun room. He gets up at six in the morning and turns in at 9.30 p.m.

* * *

The authorities are taking tremendous precautions to prevent the whereabouts of ships and regiments being known to the general public (who include a good sprinkling of German spies). Everyone in the Navy is ordered to head his letter "at sea" and members of the Army use an equally vague address on their notepaper.

* * * * *

There is one mystery in connection with the war which I have not seen cleared up in the daily papers. Contrary to general opinion the first announcement that hostilities were to commence between England and Germany was made from Buckingham Palace. There was a tremendous crowd outside and the King didn't see why his subjects should be kept in ignorance of what had occurred. So he dispatched a messenger who told the police inspector to make the necessary announcement. This is what I heard the official say: "Germany declared war on England at 7 o'clock to-night." Next day the papers told us that England had declared war on Germany. What I want to know is, who made the mistake at Buckingham Palace? Or was it a mistake at all? Perhaps we must wait for an answer until the secret history of 1914 comes to be written.

She: "To-day's paper tells of a woman who suffered a month from the effects of a mosquito bite."

He: "Oh, that's nothing. I know a man who has suffered for years from the effects of a henpeck!"

MORE OR LESS.

War Silhouettes.

I make no apology this week for dragging the war across a page which is chiefly meant to dance as lightly across your vision as the flicker of the sunshine on your window-pane, for the war is everywhere, in our homes as well as in our walks abroad. Everywhere we go we see traces of it, if only in the glint of the sun upon the barrel of a gun, or the confident smile of a Territorial. And to show to what a pitch our nerves are strained—yesterday, in the Underground, somebody dropped something heavy with a bang. My goodness! We all jumped as if the Germans were upon us. Yesterday, too, a funeral passed me. As the flower-decked hearse paced decorously, a newsboy ran past, shrilling his wares. "Great French Victory!" he called as he ran. From the windows of the mourning coaches that followed I saw shrouded faces stare eagerly. I am sure the people inside were dying to buy the paper that convention forbade. I am sure that the words, "Great French Victory," were before their eyes instead of the printed words of the burial service, as a little later they stood beside an open grave. Perhaps, who knows, even in the depths of the park the silent ones sleeping are stirred and thrilled by the war-cry from above. For war is a wonderful thing. It thrills to the depths as love, in spite of all the poets, never does. It brings out the very best in a man as well as the very worst. All the elemental primitive passions, kept at bay beneath a tail-suit and the latest thing in ties, come frothing up. War! A word to wake the dead with and turn the living into men again.

* * *

Marchons! Marchons!

To-day, in a house in a quiet square, a party of us were sitting aimlessly in a room that to the mother's eye seemed empty, because of the absence of three soldier sons, when the little girl next door, thumbing her piano, rapped out with unsteady fingers the first bars of "God Save the King." The absurd little tinkle drove us almost unconsciously to our feet. The National Anthem that to so many of us, used to mean nothing more than the end of a concert or a play, now lays its finger upon every pulse in our being and shouts "Victory!" I could wish though that instead of the National Anthem the Marseillaise were ours to sing. There's a war-song if you like. It goes to the head like wine. No wonder the Suffragettes and the Labour party march always to the sound of it. There is not a man or woman living who could listen to the Marseillaise unmoved. I never hear it but a fierce longing comes upon me to wear a red cap, too,—yes—and a stained knife upon my gown, and dance madly with a swirling crowd to blood and to death. And yet in general life I am a most peaceable person, so peaceable that a little girl of my acquaintance informed me recently I looked just like her Sunday-school teacher—and anybody who has ever seen a Sunday-school teacher will agree with me that anything more unaggressive-looking and un-Bellona-like it is impossible to meet.

* * *

Why Not Women Warriors?

For the life of me though, I don't see why the women here shouldn't be allowed to fight if we want to. Experience has gone to show that woman makes just as good a soldier as man. Even Lord Kitchener, who has no use for women as a rule, would surely have found one for General Boadicea. Joan of Arc had the heart of a lion in the frame of a lily. The Amazons fought like furies. Savage tribes to these days have feminine warriors who are more dreaded by the enemy than the men. Our own Suffragettes have taught us that they can do excellent work at pillage and burning, and if we set them to harrying Germany instead of England we should be killing two birds with one stone. Besides, from the point of view of self-preservation alone, man ought readily to consent to women going to war. Already we are seven women to one man. What will happen when the war has taken its necessary toll and thousands of homes are necessarily manless? The surfeit in the feminine population will be a positive danger to the remaining mankind. Why, just think—if we all choose to band ourselves together what we could do! And what could you do, men? Why, nothing. You would be swamped, overwhelmed in a maze—if not of petticoats—well, then, the other thing, and we could make our own terms with you. What those terms would be I leave you to guess, but they would include more than the vote.

* * *

And Afterwards.

The vote. It seems years since I heard that word. Ulster, too, is meaningless, and thus does the greater swallow the lesser. The vote was a purple yoke, Ulster an orange one. But we have put away playthings now as a girl of thirteen turns tired from her dolls. The grim red fact of war is upon us, and that is all that matters. There are those who say that after this war there will be no other; that the terms of peace will include a general disarmament, and that for ever the lion will lie down with the lamb. I hope so, and it may be so. The world is not Utopia, but every now and again a dream comes home to roost. But just at present, when the sword is unsheathed, it is hard to think of an empty scabbard, difficult when the khaki-clad men go by, two and two to the pad of marching feet not to see behind the uniform a red-eyed woman and a wondering child; perhaps, too, an open grave. Well, whatever the war brings us we must take, remembering as we do that life has a way of giving again what it takes.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

CUBOMANIA.

She: "Go away. You are not in keeping with the room. Your eye-glass is too round."

A MILKING LESSON.

"So this is the cow with the crumpled horn
And you are the maiden all forlorn!"

I adapted facetiously as I watched my milkmaid in alluring sun-bonnet and muslin settle herself on the milking stool.

"You are pleased to be poetic, Sir," she said, chin tip-tilted.

"I am pleased to be useful if I can," said I. "Shall I hold her head?"

The flies were troubling *Madame La Vache.*

"You had much better hold her tail," said my milkmaid, which, come to think of it, was not at all the end I had in view.

"Am I graciously permitted to try?" I asked, pointing to the milking tin.

"You may if you like, kind Sir," she said.

Madame of the crumpled horn turned on me a scornful gaze, manipulating her hind-quarters dexterously. I retreated hurriedly.

My milkmaid was amused.

Her low laugh was singularly in keeping with the spirit of the green pastures and carolling thrushes. She soothed the cow while I grabbed the levers. I could make no sort of progress, however. The brakes were jammed hard. You might as well try to get water from a rock as milk from that cow, and I was no Moses.

"Perhaps she has taken it up," remarked she of the sun-bonnet.

"Taken it up?" I repeated in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, taken the milk up. You see she doesn't know you."

"Agreed," cried I, "her glance is the cut direct."

"A cow won't give her milk to strangers."

"Therein bearing a distinct family resemblance to the London dairyman," said I. "He gives chalk and water mostly."

"But," I continued, "I did cherish an illusion that cows were innocent, sincere and straightforward—just like milkmaids, in fact. Alas! my illusions are shattered. I find this one guilty of cloven-footed duplicity."

Again the low laugh, on which her soul seemed to ride, rippled out. Blue eyes sparkled archly round the corners of the sun-bonnet.

"Shall I help you?" she said impulsively.

"Catch like this—and do like this—and this—and this."

Strains of milk tinkled musically on the bottom of the tin pannikin, blending harmoniously with the music of the morning-lacteal strains in the overture of the day.

I vowed I would do it or die.

Overhead the leaves rustled with a whispering intimacy. She placed tiny guiding hands on mine. The sun-bonnet was very, very near to me. I could catch her profile clear-cut as a cameo against the background of the beeches.

Now by the Nine Gods! I swear this milking business is most interesting.

I advise all young men to try it.

"Did I manage?"

"No—M'Yes. I think so." You see her daintily-rounded arms encircled me somewhere about the neck. I was her pupil. Two minutes later the positions were reversed.

I drank the "milk of Paradise."

W. J. TIPPING.

"All Suffragettes Released.
Big Drop in Food Prices."

Thus a newspaper placard this week. We should have thought that the release of the hunger-strikers would have had the opposite effect.

* * *

On the arrival of the French in Mulhausen, states the *Observer*, the inhabitants were so delighted that they "tore up the telegraph wires." This is, of course, what in military circles is known as destroying the lines of communication.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

A. R. (Brighton).—Under the Moratorium you cannot be sued for the debt until September, but all honourable business men will endeavour to pay all their debts when they become due—Moratorium or no Moratorium.

S. H. (Kennington).—Leave the poor "foreigner" alone. He may not be German even if he has a German name. Even if German he is likely to have enough sorrows of his own without boorish behaviour from his neighbours.

R. B. (Southampton).—The bulk of the carrying trade to South America and the West Indies is—or was—in the hands of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. British ships should have it in future.

R. T. (Newmarket).—You may regard the money as lost. The Continental sweepstakes may now be considered finally dead.

J. L. (Manchester).—Absolutely hopeless to continue sending sketches. It is best to be brutal—you cannot draw and you seem to have no sense of humour. Stick to your own trade. There are scores of real artists in London who can't make a living.

Colonial (Reading).—The address of the Legion of Frontiersmen is 6, Adam Street., Adelphi, W.C. We quite agree that the Legion should be useful, as to our knowledge it includes many hard-bitten campaigners. Colonel Driscoll himself has done splendid work for the Empire with very little reward.

Beginner (Brighton).—Try your luck by all means. There is always room at the top. The Editor personally reads all contributions received, but he finds that not one per cent of the stories submitted is even remotely possible.

R. O. L. (Chichester).—Too much padding; too little plot. Try one of the story magazines. They seem to prefer milk-and-watery stuff.

N. C. (Brixton).—Drawing poor and joke a variation of the old chestnut:—

Customer (in barber's shop): "Can't you shave me without my taking my collar off?"

"Barber: "Yes, sir, and cut your hair without your taking your hat off."

W. B. (Harrow).—Thanks, no. Not even free, gratis and for nothing. Try the "Times"—or one of your local newspapers. They may not be so particular.

T. S. (Cardiff).—No use for lurid war fiction, especially when the author evidently knows nothing about war, is ignorant of military phraseology and can't write for nuts. Besides we can get all the war fiction we want from the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News."

"Scotty of Glasgow."—Protest received, but everybody has forgotten all about the pars, so it is useless re-opening the subject.

An interesting case of heredity is that of E. Peate, son of the famous Edmund Peate, Yorkshire and England's great slow bowler of the past. The younger Peate, playing the other day for Featherstone v. Leeds, scored 85 in fine style. One of the best of many good stories of his father refers to the Oval "riot" when the mob stormed the pitch because (to save the caterers from loss) lunch was taken with only a few runs needed to win the match. The crowd, while keeping possession of the ground, cheered such players as they saw in the pavilion. "They seem to like you, Peate," said the Surrey secretary, the late C. W. Alcock, "why not speak to them?" "Naw, sir," replied the broad Yorkshireman. "Aw came here t'play cricket, not t'quell riot."

* * *

Many a man spends his courting days in telling a girl he is unworthy of her, and his married days in proving it.

"KISSING." An entertaining little book, full of startling truths, ingenious hints and amusing reflections. There are chapters on "How," "When," "Where," "Missed Kisses," "Doing without Girls," "Jealousy," "Kissing as an accomplishment," "Flirting considered," "Kissableness," etc., etc., A clever and dainty encyclopædia on a fascinating subject.
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WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether Field-Marshal Lord Nicholson is happier for being so completely overlooked in the war preparations?

* * *

Whether Pearl Aufrere is very much upset at the departure for Shorncliffe of the tall Territorial, and what it was that Lord Dangan wrote to Pearl the other day?

* * *

Whether the Prince of Wales's battalion is not a little annoyed at having His Royal Highness's company, lest the fact should preclude the battalion from being in the firing-line when the clash comes?

* * *

And whether it is not a fact that the King summoned Colonel Lloyd to Buckingham Palace in order specially to tell him that the presence of the Prince was not to be allowed to interfere with the military disposition of the Grenadier Guards in the war?

* * *

Why the multi-millionaire Duke of Norfolk has not yet figured amongst the donors in the Prince's subscription list?

* * *

What the Duke of Orleans is doing in the war, and whether his Belgian frontier mansion is not in danger of being burned down by the Bonapartists in the general melee?

* * *

And whether it is not a fact that King Manoel has applied to be allowed to serve with the British forces?

* * *

If it is true that the yellow press is trying to make a corner in paper so as to prove its "patriotism"?

* * *

Who is the person who has been supplying spoof war news through the telephone to newspaper offices?

* * *

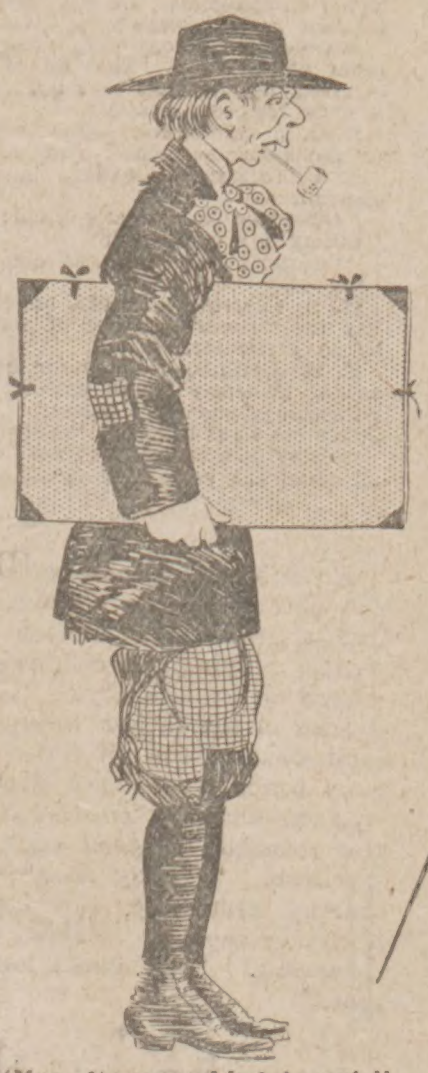
Who is the Cabinet Minister who, declining to "state his business" when he called at a newspaper office, was requested to write to the editor for an appointment?

* * *

Is it a fact that the part of Denver in "The Silver King" was refused by most of the leading actors in London owing to the proffered salary before Mr. Irving accepted it, and did he accept the terms originally offered?

* * *

Which of the young princes had such an ar[illegible]ing time with the box of chocolates "with rich centr



"Yes, I am wedded to art." "Art evidently has more husbands than she can properly support."

Will Sir Edward Carson take advantage of his temporary disappearance from the limelight to bring off that much discussed wedding?

* * *

How long it will be before the Kaiser is seeking refuge in England—the asylum of dethroned monarchs?

* * *

Where is Christabel now?

* * *

What did Mrs. Burns exclaim when "John" broke to her the news of his resignation of office?

* * *

What is the name of the polished and urbane member of Mayfair Society who disappeared when war was declared?

* * *

Who is the barrister who makes his living by composing speeches for celebrated public men, and has not that little mistake rather spoiled his business?

* * *

Who put the firework "Jack-in-the-box" in the famous London church, and who kept it all quiet?

* * *

Are not some village maidens having the time of their lives with the troops, and has there ever been such competition before for a kiss from some rustic Mary or Anne?

* * *

Was not the German Ambassador stated to be "in bed" when he was inquired for half an hour after the declaration of war?

* * *

Is the German Embassy ever likely to return to Carlton House Terrace, whose residents must be approved by the King?

* * *

Who is the comedian who is bringing an action against some one who has "pinched" all his best jokes?

* * *

If the *News of the World* considers it "cricket" to flood the suburbs on a Sunday evening with a "Sunday War Special—7 p.m.", containing no war (or other) news which had not appeared in the morning papers?

* * *

If it is quite in order for a gentleman with a German name to slang the U.S. Ambassador for taking over the German Embassy?

* * *

Whether it is desirable or dignified at such a time of tension for the journals of the cocoa press and the yellow press respectively to be perpetually blackguarding each other about the distortion and invention of war telegrams?

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

OF COURSE.

"He's a great one at firing off epigrams, isn't he?"
"Yes, a regular Maxim gun."

* * *

UNEDUCATED.

"The idea of my marrying Blanc!" said the girl. "Why, I wouldn't know what to do with him. He doesn't know one of the new dance steps."
"He's a splendid swimmer," said her friend.
"Humph!" said the girl, "do you think I want a husband that I've got to keep in an aquarium?"

* * *

SIGHTS.

Grad: The old place hasn't changed much. I see the girls are all back this year.
Stude: Yes; some of them are even wearing their beauty spots there.—*Ohio Sun-Dial.*

* * *

WHY.

"I bite. Why do motorists talk of taking a spin?"
"Because they go at top speed."—*Yale Record.*

* * *

SUCH A LITTLE ONE, TOO.

He: "If I were to kiss you on one cheek, would you offer the other?"
She: "I'd try. But my mouth might get in the way."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

* * *

It was the last tram, and the last tram has an atmosphere of conversational freedom unknown to other trams. A woman with a bag jumped in and informed the company: "There, my 'air's coming down. I washed my 'ead last night, and whenever I washes my 'ead my air's all over the place."

"Just like my missis," replied a stout man. "Just let 'er put soap to 'er 'ead and 'er 'air is all over the place."

At that moment the conductor stumbled over the stout man's feet and said, "Look 'ere, Mister, did you wash your feet last night?"—*Manchester Guardian.*

"That is too dear. I want quite a little chicken, very young and very cheap."
"Here's one that is still in the egg. One penny. How'll that suit you?"

Your King and Country need you

A CALL TO ARMS

An addition of 100,000 men to His Majesty's Regular Army is immediately necessary in the present grave National Emergency.

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